

A N
Answer
T O
TWO LETTERS
of T. B.

By the **AUTHOR** of
The Vindication of the CLERGY.

— Ἄλως ἀχέειν ἀπὸ ἱσθῶν ἑμῶν οὐκ ἔστιν ἔργον —
— facit indignatio —

L O N D O N:
Printed for *H. Brome*, at the Gun at the
West end of *S. Pauls Church*. 1673.

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THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R,
Written by T. B.

Reader,

I Hear the *Vindicationer* is
come to Town again,
and that he intends once
more to *demonstrate* me to be
dead by the help of his old
musty Authors, as much out of
fashion as Set *Ruffs* or Two-
handed *Beards* : and that's
the reason he never thinks of
A 2 business

The Preface.

business ith Long Vacation;
(poor Soul!) he's so in love
with every thing that's ancient
and mouldy, that he can never
print till *Michaelmas Term*, to-
wards the fall of the leaf, when
the Year begins to grow decre-
pid. You can onely expect
more of the same *Dunstable*
stuff from him; for he must
not, he cannot, he shall not speak
sense against me; and there-
fore I caution you beforehand
not to believe one word he says.
To see the different *Genius* of
men! This 'tis to be bred up
at *Aristotle's porridge pot*, and
never eat well, ne're so much as
taste of a good dish of delicious
Atoms,

The Preface.

Atoms, but jogs on like a *Peck-horse* in the wonted road! We that are the *Wits* and *Rationalists* of our time, who can make better books of our own than any he hath read, chuse rather to accinge our selves to writing, when our fingers are free from all suspicion of *Caledonian Chill-blaines*, (caused by a *Stagnation* or freezing of the humour in cold weather) when our *Spirits* are active, *Bloud* warm, and all the *Parts* vigorous and sprightly; that is, a little before or after the *Sun* is got into *Aries*; and then you would wonder to observe how our *Letters* and *Dialogues* take,

The Preface.

and go off like *Gun-powder*
'twould do one good to see
people gobble them down as
fast as *Capons* do pellets of paste
and even grow fat with laugh-
ing. I my self was fain to
print all my *Works* over again
last *Term*, (as many as came to
a *Crown* in Silver at the *easy*
market price) because there
were none of them to be got
and I was willing to make the
best improvement of my *talent*
for the common good. He
grapple with Me, who can
confute *Leviathan*, and *Alcoran*
too at ten days warning! I
compassionate his *ignorance*
and *imbecility*! Mark my words,

The Preface.

if he be not at his *ends* of Latine, and *scraps* of Poetry again; and above all, if he conclude not with some poultry abominable *Post script*, which I hate worse then the other. But— (now Logick!) here he comes: Remember what I told you, that none but Dunces and Sots, Fools and Madmen, think he speaks *sense*; and I am

Yours in all haste,

T. B.

Right Doubtful and Puissant,

Signior Timotheo Boccacini,
Surnamed Junior;

Baron of Utopia, Knight of the
most Novel Order of the
Moon, and Governour of the
Isle of Rines, &c. at the
Sign of the Covent in
Hecdecapolis.

T. B.



SIR,

After my hearty Commendations,
 &c. These are to acquaint you,
 that I received yours, with the
Merits of the *Cause* enclosed,
 which I should have made no words of,
 but kept it as private as if you had trusted
 me with some *occult Quality*; had not
 your *prodigious* Ingenuity dar'd me to
 some kind of Reply, by taking the same
 Liberty with your Friend and Servant,
 that they do in *France*; where they say,
 He that is cast in any *Cause*, is permitted
 to Rail at his *Judges* for ten days after.
 For although you profess to make the ve-
 ry same Answer to the Serious and Ar-
 gumentative part of my Book, that
Ulysses in the *Metamorphosis*, does for his
 Running away from his Friend *Nestor*,
 that is, just none at all; deferring your
 further thoughts thereof, I suppose, till
 Doomsday

Doomsday in the Afternoon, as the *Areopagites* used to put off their difficult Cases, *Ad diem Logistimum*: ('tis Mr. *Chillingworth's* Note, Sir, though I doubt not but you can find it somewhere in *Lycosthenos*) Yet, you have taken wonderful pains to pick out some small Passages thereof, to make your self and others Merry, and expose the poor Authour; who, if you say true, had sav'd you that Labour, having made himself Ridiculous enough to your hand. Let every man abound in his own sense; but the best on't is, your word begins to be no slander; and I meet with some few grown so Stout, that they will no longer take all you say, for either *Truth*, or *Wit*, unless you can shew it Confirm'd by some Act of Parliament, or procure the Kings Broad-Seal at least, *ad Corroborandum*. For in the ordinary way of managing Controversies, Traducing and Railing at an Adversary (like the Stoick in *Lucian*, who call'd his Opponent, *ῥαλαργία*, *ισόβουλα*, &c. *Deadly hard Names*, Sir, when he had nothing else to say) Nibbling at his Phrases, raising a Mist about plain Sense; Chopping and Changing, Adding or Omit-

ting,

ting, Milquoting, or Wresting his Words and Meaning, and making Conclusions of his *own* from his Premises, crying out upon *Euclid* and *Non-sence*, Bulls and Bears, all along; and such like, have ever been accounted little Pedantick Artifices, poor unmanly Refuges, and as shrewd Signs, as piteous Props of a bad Cause. Now, Sir, although I am not at leisure to give you a compleat *Rowland*, for your *Oliver*, and shew how infinitely guilty you are in this kind, throughout your whole Packet of Letters: Nor yet I care not much if I throw away a sheet or two of Paper in Animadverting lightly upon those two. You designed chiefly to Aim at me, not that I intend to make my self so cheap as to Rally up, and Retort all and singular the Impertinencies thereof; but only to *Call* in at some of the most considerable places in my way, and thereby give the World some Hints and short Items of your Innocent Stile, Incomparable Modesty, Copious Inventions, Accute Judgment, but above all, your *Singular* knack of Drollery. Nor have I set my self so Giant-like a Task, as you may imagine, for, you know, he that comes off fairly

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at the great *Olympicks*, never fears any lesser Stage, or more ignoble Adventure, that is (to Treat you in your own Language for once and away) having already Vindicated the Clergy in general, I shall much more easily acquit my self in particular from all your puny Cavils.

The first Honour you are pleas'd to do me in your Letter to R. L. is, your comparing me to a *Whiffler* at my *Lord Mayors Show*: A Monstrous happy phancy indeed, if you came honestly by it, and did not deal with *Sydrophel*, or some other Cunning man for the finding it out! Now, Sir, though I can put on any Vizor to serve you, yet I must needs mind you of *Lucians* *εὐ εἰρησίου*, that only pat and proper Similes (not such as will equally fit any He that wears a Head big enough to pay Pole-Money) are to go for Wit it by his Standard. For do you think would be any great charge or trouble to me, to Dress you like my Lord Mayors Horse, or his Wifes Monkey; to compare you to *Esops* Crow, a Thief in a Mill, a Dog in a Bath, or a Dog in a Doublet, and make you like *any thing* between *York* and *London*? But I disclaim
all

all such sneaking Comparisons, as having no Sting in their Tails; I have odds enough of you besides, and shall ever think me at the better end of the Staff, so long as you continue only *like your self*.

In the next place I find my self much oblig'd to you for the choice Library you have assign'd me, *Wits Commonwealth*, *Spencers Similitudes*, &c. But that phancy, Sir, begins to grow stale; and besides, I wonder you left your *own* learned *Works* out of the Catalogue, for I'll assure you I make more use of them to quit scores with you, than of all the Books in *St. Pauls Church-yard*. However, methinks you are vilely out in your Politicks here again: I have read in *Lucian* (another of my Authours, Sir, which you quite forgot) of a certain Addle-headed Historian, who having begun his Work with a solemn Invocation of the *Muses*, that they would inspire him mightily, made it his great business not so much to tell the truth, as to praise and flatter his Emperour. To be short, Sir; when he had Drawn up his Men, and given the Enemy Battel, and Routed them Horse and Foot,

Foot (for indeed it was done to his hand) to shew how well he was vers'd in *Homer*, he falls a comparing his own Prince to *Achilles*, and the *Persian* King (who fell that day by his hands) to *Thersites* for *Parenefs*, as if it had not been more for his honour to have killed *Hector*, or some such Valiant and Princely *Hero*, than the despicable *Thersites*. The Application, Sir, is easie, and it goes thus: If it had not been more for your Credit to have Conquered, or to have been Baffled by a considerable Adversary, and well provided, than such a silly Creature as you have described, and so ill Arm'd too, I never saw the like on't.

But above all things, Sir, I must desire you for the future, to have a great care of a *Mousetrap*, especially if it be Baited with a bit of *Greek*; 'tis not good Nibbling too far where there may be Danger in the Case. For although it seems to be your *Hogen Mogen* design in this Epistle, to take me to Task for my *Greek*, yet I am affraid you were better to have kept within your own *Element*, your beloved *English Exercises* still, than have ventured out to so little purpose.

Your

Your charging me with mistaking the *Sense*, or the *Author*, or both in those two pieces of *Greek*, is so Imposing, that, were that very *Grandame* alive that *Taught* you this kind of *Confidence* (as your self somewhere tells us) I believe she would scarce save you from a Whipping.

The first is an *end* of one of those *golden Verses* (so highly prized anciently be the *Sect* of the *Mummers*) wherein you make me construe *δυναμις* *Virtue*, and *ἐνδύχνη* *Poverty*. If you make me, Sir, I can't help it, but upon consulting my Copy I find no such matter; pray Sir, next time, when your hand is in, make me render *δυναμις* the *Great Turk*, and *ἐνδύχνη* the *Pope*, and upon my word I will not take it half so hainously. But, to give you as much Rope as you can in reason expect, let it be as you will have it; let the *one* signify *Virtue*, but not as it is opposed to *Vice*, Sir, (that's your mistake) but to *Infirmity*, and implies only a *Faculty* or *Power* of doing a thing; and the *other* *Poverty*, *Fate*, *hard Fate*, *Necessity*, or what you please, provided it signify some-

*Sanders de Oblig.
consc. in præfat.*

thing

thing that doth either occasionally or necessarily Excite, Quicken, and Enforce the *Faculty* or *Power* aforesaid, and I am content. I could shew you several *Authors* that use the words to this effect; but that they are *Old ones*, whose Authority you don't use to value. However the World may be in your debt for your *New-found* exposition of this place; I shall hold to my *Old one* still, viz. That; whether we attribute a man's condition of Life to *Fate* with the Stoicks; to *Fortune* with the Epicureans, or to *Providence* with all sober Christians (the Text will bear these and many more Senses) *Necessity* is and ever will be a reasonable Spur to Action, it will make us do our utmost, and more then we thought to be in our power: I must forgive my Trespassing *Friend* for once, else I shall lose him for ever; and so in other like Cases. *Hierocles* (who knew that Authour's mind better than you did mine, Sir) is much of the same Opinion; *Plato* and *Aristotle* were of the same Opinion. The ancient Sages of *Greece* were wont to draw up the Sum and Heads of their Principles in certain Schemes, Tables, or Trees; (as

as they phancied) for the benefit of their Pupills, and in the Pythagorean Scheme *Power* dwelt hard by (as I think at the very next door to) *Necessity*, to imitate what I told you before. Now whereas you take *Fate* and *Necessity* to be *one* and the same, (because Curteous to shun that unruly word *Neceffitati*, translates the place for his Verse sake *fato vicina potestas*.) yet what if they should prove it to be sometimes *two* things? For instance, Sir: your Fates may decree what they please, and my poor *Scholar* (for whom all this stir and criticizing is) be never the wiser; but he is so well acquainted with his own circumstances, that he easily perceives a manifest *Necessity* he should *study*, (without consulting the Almanack of Fate) if ever he intend to be a wise, learned, rich, or great man, knowing that this same poor *αἰγιον*, can almost do Miracles: and so much for that.

As for my other *Greek* remnant, it seems, I am *out* in my *Author*, and then no wonder I mistake his meaning too. But who is the *Tyger* now, Sir? can't a man cite a *Comment* for the *Text* without all this noise, as if *Hannibal* were at the

B

Gates,

Gates, or *Apprentices* in an uproar? It were neither *Felony* nor *Man-slaughter*, however you dispatch your *Hue and Cry* so fast after me. But what if you should reckon without your Host, Sir? What if the Text have not taken new Lodgings lately, but is to be found still where I left it last, in plodding *Aristotle's* own House? when you go that way next, pray call at the fourth Book of his *Physicks*, *chap. 19. 128.* and you will either meet with that or one very like it, *i. e. μεταβολή δε πάντων οὐσις ἐκταπνέει*. Examine him accurately, take out your Compasses for sureness, set one foot at the Text, the other on the Comment, and see where you find those words, but be sure you don't confess your error: indeed I was amaz'd to see you quote the very Chapter, and then question your faculties as far as to deny a palpable matter of fact, till I understood you trusted a scurvy Lexicon, and that deceived you. I hope you will consult the Original hereafter, for let *Budaus* or *Scapula* say what they please, the Text is here, and shall be here, when some Muscivore Authors with their novel whimsies shall be hissed off the Stage, and turn'd out of doors.

And

And now, one would think, I were as likely to guess at the old Man's sense here, as you who stand convicted you never read him ; and yet we must needs have a cast of your Office, a set Lecture upon it, as if you were instructing your Boyes. It's no great news to me, Sir, that he should treat of Natural Philosophy in his Physicks, how strange soever it seems to you that one of his Principles or Maximes there should be applyed to something else with due Analogie. Bishop Sanderſon finding the Civil Body somewhat like the Natural, cites this noble Text out of Aristotle (not Themistius) and to accommodate it to his purpose clothes it with a Translation almost as Magnificent as mine, but 'tis in Latine, Sir : pray mark it ; *Omnis mutatio (praesertim si aut subita sit aut magna) periculosa est* : compare them, Sir, and you will find little difference, save onely that he treats of the Greater, I of the Lesser Body : Both agree in this, that the changing of Fundamental (not to say Foundation) Laws in either, is of dangerous consequence.

*De Obligat.
Consc. pral.
9.*

You see I have luckily found a very good Author to vouch both my mistakes, and I am content to erre with him rather than correct Originals with you.

The Greek Professors place, Sir, is already disposed of, else I had not been so free with you; lest peradventure you might have put in for it. But if you will be rul'd by me, or expect I should lay on your head, I should rather turn you loose to any ordinary man, nay to a Gentleman (provided he be a very English one) in another Language I could name, than this unlucky, barbarous, heathenish, Antichristian Greek.

Thus much Sir, and no more shall I say of your Letter to *R. L.* although you should hire me to it, and give me your Hand or Bond to forfeit Sword and Belt if ever you drew upon a piece of innocent Greek again.

In your Express directed to *Me* there's a great Cry indeed, but scarce *Wooll* enough to make a Jack an Ape a pair of Breeches; a huge crop of Straw for so little Kernel, that 'twill hardly pay the *tasker*, and quit cost for threshing; and though you have rigged it out in a gorge-
ous

ous dress, (I mean, bound it up with the rest in Turkey Leather and gilt leaves) and worded it as if you were some Great Mogul amongst the Learned; yet upon examination I find it as very a cheat as one of those Old *Egyptian* Temples, famous for outward Splendour and Magnificence, whilst the *God* within was either an *Ape*, a *Storke*, a *Goat*, or a *Cat*. For can you imagine you have much out-done *Cleopatra's* Pug in this rare Adventure, when he quite forgot his *business* of Dancing, and fell to the Apples and Nuts thrown before him? Or do you think all the World so mad as to be fond of one Man's humour, who is under an imprudent Vow of never being *Serious*? Man is a *visible* Animal, I grant, so long as he rides in a Terrestrial Vehicle, as a Friend of yours hath noted; but it does not thence follow that he must be alwaies *laughing*, (more then a Horse is Neighing) how white soever his Teeth may be. The *Spaniards* have a Proverb, that a Mule will be a Mule once a day at least: but certainly it becomes not so able a Rationalist accomplisht with choice useful Learning to be all day long at Push-pin, or Spin-counter.

Now

Now, Sir, if your Constitution be not faulty and full of Quick-silver, that you can scarce be fix'd if you should die for't; if it be not *Natural* to you to talk as Idly, as one Elevated in a high Fever; I'll try what I can do upon you by Chastising your Errours, and giving you a little good Advice, and that not in the Grave *Catonian* way, but with some mixture of Levity to keep you *awake* for the better Operation, not doubting but you will be careful of a due *Regimen*, and apply every thing to the affected Part.

The first mistake I shall note in your Letter, is an easie one, only a *Steeple* for a *Church*; but you might as well have said, I thought it impossible for any *English* Zany to have a Ringing in his Head because there are no Bells in *Turkey*. Alas, Sir, I was so far from venturing you so much above ground, or tempting you to *skip off a Steeple for my sake*, that I have made it a great part of my business all along to keep you as far off the *Church* as may be. For albeit you are like Arch-Bishop *Abbot* himself in one thing, *i. e.* in being neither Parson, Vicar, nor Curate all your life; yet you are not thereby qualified

qualified to be a Regulator amongst us now, so much as *John Calvin* was in his time, who offer'd his Assistance in our Reformation, but judicious *Cranmer* knew the man and refus'd him. A little more Study and Experience will assure you, that *Quintilian's* saying is true, though it be Latine, *Soli artifices de artibus judicare debent*: The *Cobler* may laugh at all men in his own Trade, but he is no more a competent Judge of *Jewels*, or *Pearls*, than a Blind man can be of Colours, although you should carry the Sun in your Arms before him. (There's another Translation for you, bevaufe you like them so well.) Granting our Church windows are or may be shattered here and there by late storms, yet what does that concern you, who are in no Legal Capacity, not so much as that of a *Glazier*, or Church-warden, to see them repaired? Besides, I wonder you that pretend to Trade so much in *Stars*, and *Telescopes*, could not foresee the necessary Effect such a Train of Causes must produce. For what less could the *Dutch War*, and your little Book, and another call'd the *Expedient*, or any one of them portend, then

an *Indulgence* to all manner of *Non-conformists*. Tell not me you intended no hurt, or did not think what would come on't; as much as to say, there's no such thing as *Common Prudence*, nor any other way to measure the Morality of our Actions (in the *Cartesian Ethics*) but by their end. I say again, and I think I speak it loud enough to be heard all *England* over; you have Disparag'd and Abus'd our Reverend Clergy *de facto*, most Egregiously; who if they be so Ignorant as you make them, 'tis pity but the Breed of *Admiram* should be Unmuzzled again, to Teach them to Study harder, and Preach better. I could tell you the very Day and Year ('twas much about the time, the King came in) when a little Spark kindled a great Bonfire; thus one of your pitiful false Principles may occasion a thousand ill Conveniencies, according to the *stately* Heroick, *Magnarum usque adeo sordent primo dia rerum.*

Another small mistake of yours is, your Repetition of a great part of my Book (and that more unfaithfully than I should have expected from any *Scot*.) and then Brandishing your Pen over it,
and

and Bragging, it deserves no better Answer. A very compendious and effectual way to Confute *Turk* and *Pope*, and *Jack* of *Cumberland* to boot! The spiteful World, Sir, will not be so civil as to suffer you or me to be Judges in our own cause; and however we think very goodly of our own Brats, yet they may possibly (if there be no Byass in the case) have a different Notion of them, especially in a *Summer morning* when the *Sun* is got out of *Aries*. 'Tis you have taught me so much modesty (I shall for ever own it) as to think, that I can not only maintain every Tittle I have said there, but even a bad Cause upon occasion against you, and two or three more such trifling Privateers. But I am not bound to maintain the *Wise Reasonings*, and pleasant Consequences you so ingenuously and plentifully Father upon me — *Male dum recitas incipit esse tuum*; They are all your own, Sir, by a better Title than the Madman had to his *Smyrna* Fleet. I remember one Copie of the Vulgar Translation corruptly reads *Evertit domum*, for *Everrit*; and makes the poor Woman not Sweep, but throws down the House to find

find her lost Groat. Now if one single Letter creates so great alteration in the case (quoth *Ployden*) what rare work for a *Tinker* may a man make, that takes your liberty of changing whole *Words*, *Sentences*, and *Sides*? What an easie matter it is to put a man upon the Rack, and make him confess what you would have

* *Nihil est quin male narrando possit depravari.* Terent.

him? To render Sermons, or Books, or * any thing Ridiculous, by Interlining, making false Comments upon them, by Reading them backwards, or beginning them at the wrong end? I would not for Two Pence Half Penny you had been a *Scrivener*, or Lawyers Clerk, lest peradventure some of the *Lazzy* had then smarted for't, and been as Poor as you have made the *Clergy*. But you must not dream, Sir, I have so little to do, as to fall a Repeating after you, to set all right and straight again, as I left it; yet this I'll promise you, that if you please to send me a Page of the best Sense that ever you was Master of, I will only carry on this little *Metaphor* of yours, and if I don't return it you as *Senseless* and *Impertinent Stuff*

Stuff (by the next Post) as ever you met with, I'll be your Bondman, and give you all the Causes and Effects too, that that you and I shall deal in for ever. In the mean time, I must desire you once more to be ashamed of this easie piece of Foolery, and (if you have no better Friends about you) to Learn a little Ingenuity of *Achilles* his Horse in *Homer*, or *Mycillus's Cock* in *Lucian*; for although the one Repeated a number of Verses, the other a great deal of *Prose*, yet neither abused the Authour, or made him speak other than his own Sense.

I shall not disturb the Ashes of Old *Ferdinando* so far, as to guess at the true reason why you would not Reply to my Book; but why you would not let it alone neither; why you must needs shew your Teeth when you could not Bite, and neither hold me fast, nor let me go, is such a Riddle, that I desire any man that understands *Trap* to resolve it.

You tell me indeed, that I jump in some Passages with *W. S.* and that you had Answered him half a year before. And is it not a strange thing that two several Men living perhaps above an Hundred Miles

Miles distant, should speak sometimes to the same effect, though Treating of the very same Subject? Nay, is it not stranger then that any man in his right Wits should deny, that you have Answered the said *W. S.* Back-stroke and Fore-stroke, fully and throughly, and killingly too? For my part, I meddle with no bodies Principles, or Province, but my own; yet, since you are so good at *Answering*, pray answer me one Question: Did you ever hear of St. *Dunstan*? But-- did you ever see a little Book called the *Method of Preaching*, Printed about Fifty years ago, the Authour whereof writes himself *T. V.* as you do *T. B.*? They say he and you jump in your Notions, that there you had your story of the *Weepers*, (though you have added two of your own to his Six, and made it consist of Eight parts) and to mention no more, your *Preface* from *Adam*, from his *beginning* of the *World*, which some Ancient Historians will have to be much about the same time. In some things indeed you seem to differ, for He was a Divine, you say you are none; He pretends to Instruct *young* Preachers seriously, whilst you Laugh and Droll

Droll upon the very *Old* ones. Now I am not so vain, as from this and such like Instances to Indict you for a *Plagiary*, but only to let you know, that when ever you speak Sense or Truth, somebody else hath done it before you, so that you cannot claim the whole Credit thereof, more than of your late happy Intention of *English Exercises*.

Nor do I stumble upon *them* again, Sir, out of a mere malicious design of moving your cholerick Particles, but only because I am now passing on to consider your singular Antipathy to a piece of *Greek*, or *Latine*; for you proclaim open War, and profess you *hate* it like a *Viper* or *Toad*, as if the little Vermine struck so fiercely, that he left his Sting behind him. Now, Sir, were I disposed to Mischief, what a fair Advantage have you given me to pelt you with, *χαῖρε μοι ἀτλα μίαν*, and an hundred such Scraps, every whit as significant as those soft Compellations of yours, my *Duck*, my *Dear*, &c. and then Tack about, with a — *Tendimus in Latiam*, and give you a Broad-side there too? But that were a Cowardly Triumph, and I hate to use any true *English*

list man so Barbarously. Nor will I re-
 new the Question once put to a Dog-
 matical *Philosophist*, after he had made a
 tedious Harangue to Disparage and Vili-
 fie the Tongues, why he did not cut out
 his own? But rather Argue the Business
 calmly and seriously with you. I hope,
 Sir, you don't think there lies any *Moral*
Turpitude lurking under the Skirts of those
hateful Languages, or, that they are ab-
 solutely and point blanck against the Law
 of the Land: Our Statutes for *English*
Manufactures, and the Encouragement
 of *Trade*, were never intended to bolt out
Learning and *Latine* sure, as Forein Com-
 modities. I confess, I love the Smoak of
 my own Country as well as you, or any
 of them that were lately Press'd for his
 Majesties Service abroad; but I would
 not willingly be such a meer *English* Ma-
 chine, as not to be able to Write a piece
 of *Latine* to borrow Money (upon oc-
 casion) or to teach a Thief his Neck-
 verse. But yet you must not hence in-
 fer, I'm one that reverence *Gr.* and *L.*
 purely out of Honour to *Rome* and *A-*
shens; alas, Sir, I never saw either of them
 in all my Travels, yet I have met with
 diverse

diverse *Dead* men that have been there, and say, they were very *Fine* Places. And truly when I find more *Flesh*, and solid Food in one of their *Scraps* (as you term them) than in twenty whole Pages of some late *English* Scriblers, I can't but stand amaz'd to hear such a dismal outcry against them. There was Learning in the World, Sir, above fourty years ago, nay before that doubtly Grammarian *Palamon's* time, albeit he boasted, it was born and would also die with Him. And though it be the mode of late amongst some pedling Pilferers to rend an ancient Authors sense, concealing his Name and Language both, out of a superstitious fear of disobliging Monsieur *Multitude*, their *Patron*; yet I don't find my self at leisure to admire them in this, more than their other Affections of Singularity. For let them Phancy and Swagger what they please to the contrary, so long as there is a *Scholar* alive, so long as it is not death to use any other Language besides our Native *English*, there will be a laudable use of *Greek* and *Latine* Authours, and that in their own Dialect; their Brevity, Clearness, and Elegance, being not to be exprets'd

press'd something by the most exact Translations. Besides, Sir, the constant practice of our best *English* Writers is so much against your private Humour, that I must either conclude them a company of Fools, or continue my Respects to those Ancient Languages, you would explode, or at least beat down their Price. I presume you may have seen or heard of *Jewel, Land, White, Mountagne, Field, Hooker, Chillingworth, Jackson, Taylor, Bramhal, Hall, Hammond, Sanderson, Thorndike*, and an hundred more I could name, besides Mr. *Hobs*, all *English* Authors, (and many of them still alive) and yet very full of *Vipers* and *Toads*, nay *Crocodils* and *Basilisks* too, if these be your new Names for forein Quotations. I would gladly be civil to you, but I cannot find in my heart to call such Learned Worthies trifling *Piqueroons*, and abominable *Scrap-Monkers*, meerly because a Dose of *Latine* makes you Maw-sick, and a Dram of *Greek* quite turns your Stomach. Believe it, I can never humour you so far, as to think e're the worse of their learned Labours, because you Startle and Flinch as much at the naming

naming an Old Author on the other side of the Water, as some men do at the sight of a *Cat*, *Cheese*, or *Tansey*. If your Stomach be so Nice and Squeamish, they were to blame that did not put you to some other Trade; for there is no possibility of avoiding a piece of *Latine* or *Greek* now and then in our Profession. It runs in our Heads, and will be Vented sometimes if it be but to ease the Brain, or communicate our Thoughts more expeditely, and confirm our Sentiments to be *Old* and approved. Did you ever wonder to hear your Barber to commend a Modish well-frizled Bush of the last Edition, or your Taylor find a fault in a Garment made by some other hand? Did you never hear Merchants talk of the *Streights*, *Smyrna*, *Legorn*, the *Indies*, &c. or of ensuring a Ship for fear of Storms, or Pirats? Is it any false Heraldry for Souldiers to discourse of Enemies, Fighting, Guns, and Garrisons? Lawyers, of *Westminster-Hall*, and the *Assizes*, Causes, and Clients? Physicians of *Diureticks*, and *Sudorificks*, *Emeticks*, *Catharticks*, *Broad-pieces*, and *Guinnies*? Nay, does not every Mechannick wire-

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draw

draw the Discourse into his own Trade, and tell you presently what Art he professeth, because he understands and can reason of *that*, though of nothing else? It is as natural, Sir, for those that deal in Books to discover, upon occasion, where their Acquaintance lies, and with whom they mostly Converse, and sometimes to Cite the Author's own words, either for fear of wronging him, or for their own pleasure, or for many other reasons which I shall not trouble you with, because (as I remember) your self have done it more than once in your Incomparable pretty witty Dialogue, and I will do so too when I think fit without asking your Leave,

There is indeed, and ever will be, an *Abuse* of this, as well as all other things, so long as all men have not the same quantity of Brains, the same stock of Judgment and Prudentials. There will be those that Cite Authors in the way of Pedantry, Affectation, and most elaborate Impertinence, without any regard to those useful Circumstances of Time, Place, or Company; and if they can but shoot a Pellet or two of *Latine* now and then,

then (though no more to the purpose
 then Eggs and Moonshine) they'l Huff
 and Strut with as much Scorn and State-
 linefs, as the One-ey'd man is said to do
 amongst them that are stark Blind. Nay,
 should they fall into your own dear com-
 pany, and knew before-hand how much
 you hate *Latine*, and that you had writ-
 ten a *Book* against it, they would be at
 you notwithstanding, and give you a Spe-
 cimen of their parts ; they would stick to
 you like Birdlime , and word you to
 death if you let them alone, and did but
 seem to manage the Laugh on their side.
 I'm sure I have been tormented with them
 in my time, and that you might not be
 surpriz'd, but know what to trust to, I'll
 borrow your leave to tell you a true Sto-
 ry of this Nature, which I have very fresh
 in my Memory ; and so much the rather,
 because the Person concern'd therein is so
 Arrogant, as to pretend he hath some
 footing in your Friendship, that so you
 may know and avoid him.

To supply my want of Company upon
 the Road, not many Moneths since, my
 friendly Host brought me in a small Re-
 tainer to the *Muses*, whom he had before

recommended for a pleasant Companion, and the great Scholar of the Town. I had no sooner bidden him *Welcome* in honest down-right *English*, but he accosts me thus : You know, Sir, *Est natura hominum novitatis avida* ; Pray, What news in the *South* ? Oh, Sir, quoth I, (little caring for taking Post to *Rome* that night) How do you know I understand *Latine* ? *Vultus index mentis*, replies he ; by that I guess you belong to one of our two Tops of, *Parnassus*, *C. or O* according to that of the Poet, *Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso memini*. Nay, then (thought I) if you are so great a Statesman and Scholar too, I'll e'ne fit you with News accordingly. You hear, I suppose, Sir, that *Hurst Castle* is lately Mauned out against the *Dutch* ; and that another small Frigot of 50000 Guns will shortly be Lanch'd upon *Salisbury Plain*, against the next Campaign. Not a word on't before (said he) *Bona fide* ; but I remember my old Acquaintance *Horace* speaks of such an one ; *O Navis referent in mare te novi fluctus* ? --- Which was no sooner out of his mouth, but (espying a Picture of King *James* in the Room) he falls to Admiring and Repeating

peating *Owens* witty Distick, (as he call'd it)

*Qui petit accipiet Jacobus Apostolus inquit,
O si Jacobus Rex mihi dicat idem !*

That might pass for Poetry (quoth I) in those days, but it will scarcely get a man Preferment in this Kings Reign. I know it full well (cries he) for *Carolus* will not stand in the Verse: and then, to find a new Topick, he askt me if it was not hot Travelling, onely to bring in

*Sive per syrtes iter astuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum. —*

At which I told him he seem'd to be a great Traveller, and talk'd of strange Places where I had never been. But he answer'd me with a modest smile in the Negative, and that, *Bene qui latuit bene vixit*, was his beloved Motto; but yet withal that he had Read of one *Ulysses*, who was a great Traveller, and always went on foot. Why think you so, said I? 'Tis very clear in *Homer* upon my word,

C 3

said

said he, — πῶδας ὄνεις Ἀχαιεύς, you meet
 with often. Quoth I, Are you very sure
 that was the man? At which he crav'd my
 pardon, saying, It was *lapsus Lingua*,
 and that he meant that other Heroick,
 Πόλλων ἀνθρώπων ἰδεῖν ἄστα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.
 Whereupon I could not but gratifie him
 so far as to observe how well he was Read
 in all sorts of Poets; but he confess'd in-
 genuously he was only a Smatterer and a
 Well-wisher, and that he had not Read
 above 30 or 40 of the best of them, which
 he had at his fingers ends, and that he was
 almost Ravish'd with such a stately thump-
 ing Verse as that of *Museus*,

Δύχρε σκεντυμῶσι καὶ ὀλυμυμῶσι Δαδιδρε.

Having no more of that Poem about him,
 and fearing I should catch Cold (as I. pre-
 sume) he ask'd me, whether Business or
 Pleasure drew me into those Parts? I
 thought I, he has me as sure in this *Di-
 lemma* as Louse in *Pontefract*: But I'll
 avoid him if I can, by answering, Nei-
 ther. And yet that would not do, for he
 (not doubting I would have said Pleasure)
 fastens on that, like a true Echo, and
 tells

tells me *Virgil* commends it for a rare thing; and where should it be but in the passage?

—— *Voluptatem commendat rarior usus.*

By this time I was grown so surly as to mind him from whence he had digressed (that he was not so solicitous of *News* as he seem'd to be at first) for I was so vain as to think to put him out of his Road. But alas, his Stock being not yet at an end, he replied nimbly upon me; Oh yes, Sir, with your pardon, *In nova fert animus* —— is a Book I have almost by heart: Please you to hear the story of the Giants, and of the Golden Age, *Ducalio* and *Pyrrha*, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, or any other betwixt this and *Jamque opus exegi* —— Bless me, think I, what will now become of me? I shall be *Metamorphos'd* presently into a Stone, Tree, Bird, Beast, or I know not what. And therefore finding no way but one to avoid it, and not desiring to die that Death of all others, I was forc'd to cry *English* to *Bed*, and tell him, It begins to grow late, Sir, and I shall rather chuse to sleep upon what

I am already indebted to you for. And thus, when he had spent the remainder of his Ammunition; and poured in a volley of Small-shot upon me for a parting blow,

— *Nox ingruit atra* — *Fessos sopor irrigat artus* — *Per amica silentia luna*; and about twenty of the same, which for brevities sake I omit. He took his solemn leave of me, adding, I am yours, Sir, *Dum iugis montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit*, and so on till he came to the long-look'd for and best bit of *Latine* he had reserv'd for the last, *Vale, Valeto*.

Now, Sir, I have as little Kindness for such a Coxcombe's Impertinence as you or any man Living: It suits no more with my Humour than Oyl or Caveere does with my Palate, though as a Diversion I can for once, and so must you sometimes, endure it. But would you have me like *Greek* or *Latine* ever the worse, because some men are mad? Is there no way to enforce Temperance, but to cut down the *Vines* presently? Must I chop my Horse's Legs off for fear he should kick me as I get up? Neither ought you to argue against the use of the most Excellent

lent things from their Abuse. To bring the Business between us to a short Issue, the Question is, Whether you or I be guilty of the Abuse aforesaid? I answer positively, that — *Facit Indignatio* — on the outside of my Book was an idle, heavy, Insignificant, Senseless Shred, that did neither fit me, nor bite you; whereas your *Sylvestrem tenui* — was a most Select, Quaint, and Nipping Motto, a Revenge indeed worthy of an Italian! Oh, it gall'd me to the quick! And they may say what they will, but the Stab of a Ponyard or Stiletto, is nothing to the mortal Thrust of a dreadful, fierce, sharp qoyson - pointed *Sylvestrem tenui* — Pray, Sir, let me Rise, don't Kill me outright; and I'll promise you never to return the Wounds I receiv'd at your hand by that Dagger-like Sentence; but (if I can agree with my Stars) shall onely live as a tame Trophie of your Generosity: And now I think you are pleas'd!

But to proceed, Sir, (for I begin to be as weary of your Company, as I was of the Gentleman's above) if my conjecture fail'd me about *T. B.* and *R. L.* that they were *Utopian* Names, who can help it?

This

This I am assured of, that when I thought I had cut off two Heads at a Blow (you know the Story of the *Hydra*, Sir) there sprung up a third, one *J. E.* a bold Lad, who lays claim to all that ever you have written. Agree amongst your selves, Gentlemen, who is the right and undoubted Author; I meddle with none of you all but my old Acquaintance *T. B.* and have enough to do to be at a certainty with him, by reason of his Shifts and Disguises, which are as many almost as *Proteus* the Prince of *Rope-Dancers* was said to have; for he makes nothing to Skip into *Devonshire*, nay, step to *Pern*, *Japan*, *Barbadoes*, and I know not whether, at a minutes warning to fetch *Metaphors*; so that I know not where to have him long.

But pray good Mr. *T. B.* is the Family of the *R. L.*'s very ancient, much beyond *Henry the VIII.* They that derive it from *Radamanthus Lemithrobarzanes* the *Babylonian* Conjuror, produce not sufficient Authority to vouch their opinion, and make me believe it. You say indeed they are a *large and spreading Family*; but I have some reason to think I can remember the rise of them, though I confess they are
very

very near related (by the Mother's side) to another Family somewhat elder, whose parts lie *North* and *South*, who are against all *old* Fashions and Usages; insomuch that they oft-times wear Helmets on their Legs, and Boots on their Heads. Let them enjoy their own humor, and spread, as fast as they please, provided they be subject to the Kings Laws, and disturb not the peace of their Neighbours, and I'll ask no more, nor trouble my head about them. But whereas you tell me that no *true Gentile English Spirit* would have guess'd as I did; when you make it out you was *gentile*. in huffing our Clergy in general, and every particular Member that comes in your way, I will warrant every word and syllable I have said of you and your Family; to be not onely *Gentile*, but *Right Honourable*.

As for the many *small* Games and *petit* Catches you abound with, I shall onely say *Mum* to them all; and if you please to imploy some body else to pick the feathers off your *Querpo*, I will inquire a little into the great Design of your Letter, which is to magnifie your own way of talking (or Wit as you call

call it) and vilifie all others, and then bid you good night. Not that I would be thought to set up for a *Wit*, of all the Trade in Town; but because I find myself bound by the Laws of Errantry (like some *Ralph* or *Sancho*) to follow my Leader into any, even the most Magnificently *foolish* Adventures. Standers by may possibly see more than Gamesters without Spectacles: and now my hand is in, I will be so hardy as to descant a little upon your very Master-piece; and if you be taken tardy here too, I must request you also to *burn* your *Common Place Book*, or quit the Pit.

In the first place, Sir, though you would seem to be highly incensed against a *Quibble*, yet I perceive you know not what it is, because you call conceits of the *first* and *second* Rate by that diminutive name. For according to the best Authors that have written on this Subject, a *Quibble* is nothing else but a Ginglyng and Chiming of Consonant words; and this (I must

must tell you) is no less then a Figure in Rhetorick call'd *Paronomasia*, saving your presence. But Bishop *Sanders* (in the very * Sermon you Cite) maintains this kind of Speeches to be Elegancies, and flowers of Elocution, when they are used sparingly, without Affectation, and only as Sawce to our Meat. You might there have espied Ten or Twelve several places in the Bible where this Figure occurs, whereof the good Advice of *St. Paul* is one, (if you please to take it, and not Play with it) *μὴ ὑπερβαίνειν παρ' ὃ δεῖ φερεῖν, ἀλλὰ φερεῖν εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν* — to mention no more. From whence that right Learned Prelate takes occasion to Chastise those idle inconsiderate Persons, who Scoff at the like Elegancies in Sermons and other Discourses, concluding utterly against you, *viz.* That 'tis only Affectation in this, as in every other thing, that makes it tedious or ridiculous. But those Levities of mine you so judiciously call *Quibbles*, belong Sir to another Figure in Rhetorick ycleped *Homonymia*, when the words are Ambiguous, and

(*Tanus*)

(*Janus* like) 'look two ways at least. And what ever you say or opine to the contrary; these, Sir, will be not only Lawful, but Useful and Elegant, and have a Sting in them when you and I are dead. *Vossius* was never Laugh'd at before for saying, *Hermolaus nomine non re Barbarus*; nor *Heylin* for Baiting the Pope's Bulls, and telling us of one *John Selden*, whose Name needs no *Titles of Honour*, (do you see, Sir, how bold he makes with the Title of a Book purely for the Phancies sake?) Nor *Tully* for his — *Ex agro Falerno depellantur Anseres*, the same word unluckily signifying both a Man and a Goose. I could for a need throw you an hundred more into the Bargain, but (as I told you before) they must be used sparingly. Now, Sir, would you have us blot out two several Figures in Rhetorick meerly to please you? Must we get an Act of Parliament in all haste against latter especially, which no Language in *Europe* can live without? Even your own *English* is utterly ruin'd if you take it away; all your *Proverbs*, *Tropes*, *Metaphors*, and other Elegancies, signifying no more than *Chip* in Pottage without their Allu-

Allusions or Ambiguities. And may not I take the same liberty of Speech that all the World has done before me, for fear of angring you? But I'm confident, what e're you say, you don't really think such kind of Allusions ridiculous; if you do, you left your Memory (surely) in your other Breeches, when you went last to the Press. Pray, Sir, present my Services to R. L. and ask what's the first Letter of that Gentleman's name, who styles his *Grace* Guardian of Humane Nature, and says *May* and *Can* are of the same *Mood* and *Tense*, and talks of *pure torse* (Good-man he would have said *Terce*) *humane Nature newly drawn out of the Clouds*? Who plays most Childishly with the Reverend B. O. for saying he Writes like one *Puffed up*; as if he meant, that he was *Fat* and *Bloated*, when he is soberly attempting to Cure the *Tympany* in his *Mind*? Who tells me I am as *utterly undone as ever was Oyster*, and that his *Cat was not free to be Roasted*? The same Figure all along to a Cows Thumb. These I only return you, Sir, to let the World see that however you hate these little things, yet you can't forbear them more than

than others ; although by your quarrelling at them other-whiles, you start a new Figure in Rhetorick called *Autocatacrifis*, or *Self-contradiction*. You complain indeed I now and then speak as some others have done before me, and that the Humour is not my own ; as if you were for none but *New Phancies*, *new Stories*, *new Proverbs*, *new Old-sayings*, *all spick and span *New*. But if this be a Fault, you have no reason to call it so of any man living. For did you *make* those Forms of Speeches so frequent with you ? --- *Dunstable Stuff* --- *Catching old Birds with Chaff* --- *From Top to Toe* --- *Tumble down Dick* --- *Courage Cakes* --- *The Story of the Oyster* --- *Hogs to Rumford* --- *Noverint Universi* --- *Sink or Swim* --- *The Whore of Babylon* --- *A Phancie of his Worships* --- and Nineteen more I will not trouble my Head to remember ? Did you spin them all out of your own Brain ? Alas, Sir, they are not only Trite and Common, but of as long standing as that of the *Boy that made the Knife* ; many of them are as *Old* as ever was *Paul's* ; or, if that be yet too young, as *Old as Spilmans Trial*, *Mr. Eaton's Goose*, or that of *John Hall the Cappers*

those wide Rovings, --- *Pidgeons* and *Post-Script*, --- *Logick* and *Wheel-barrow*, --- *Greek* *Diveling*, --- *A Net for the Moon*, --- *A new Fashion'd Sugar-plumb*, i.e. a *Diamond*, *Westminster-Hall* in his *Trowzes*, --- *So many Bushels of Logick* (to be even with my *Bushels of Atoms*) --- *Sucking of Eyes like raw Eggs*, with diverse Monstrous ones in your *Story of The People in the South* (which I shall be with by and by) looking no better in my opinion, than a *Saddle* upon a *Sow*. These, Sir, are very *New*, and all your own, and so let them be for me: the next Age perhaps may find out the Wit of them, but you must not expect they will pass so currantly in *this*.

Another thing I must tell you of, is, your Trivial, Low, and sometimes Scurrilous and Dirty Language, as if you did not wash your Hands before you went to your Book. As if it were a certain sign of Ingenious Education, to talk of *Old Folks Slaver* --- *Putting ones Head in a Pipkin* --- *Not worth the Smoak of a Landle* --- *Curds and Apple Sauce* --- *Broiled Herrings*, or a *Burnt Fraize* --- *Moral Rules enough to stop a hollow Tooth* --- *Philosophy and Languages*, Six pence a *Bushel* ---

Joel--- *New Oysters new*--- *A Pot and a*
Cake--- *In spite of your Teeth*--- *Hang*
your self--- *Rogue*--- *Rascal*--- *Villain*---
Son of a Bitch--- *Prate thy whole Gut full,*
 &c. Oh the sublime Raptures, prodigi-
 ous Phancies, cleanly Comparisons, melt-
 ing Strains, ravishing Style, and select
 Phrases of a Judge-Wit, who pretends
 to give *Law* to all others that would be
 Merry and Trifling! This kind of Way
 might go for Drollery at *Billingsgate* in-
 deed, but I suppose you don't expect ma-
 ny of the *Learned* should be in love with
 it; whether you reckon them according
 to the *Julian* or *Gregorian* Accompt. I
 confess I am neither able nor willing to en-
 gage you in it, perhaps the unmannerly
Presbyter you wot of, may, if he lay not
 down the Cudgels, because he thinks him-
 self more then your Match; however (if
 all fail) I'll bring you an ordinary Por-
 ter, or take the first Water-man off the
Thames (provided he be not Lineally de-
 scended from *John Taylor*) and he shall
 play a Prize with you at any time in this
 Dialect, for a *Pot* and a *Cake*, or so; but
 it is so New to me that I dare not meddle
 with it, especially when you are within a
 Mile of an Oak.

One thing more, Sir, for the Credit of the *Family* I must not omit, that is, your *jumbling several Languages* together for a very jejune phancy, (a thing you deride in others) and Coining your pretty *thoughts* into *new words*, as if you had a *Patent* to *Regulate the King's English*: Such as *Packisbness, Doomester, Vindicationer, Vengeably, Un-Jachin, Un-Boaz, Carawimple, Eggisie, &c.* and then varnishing and eeking others, as *Spiritual-ship, Heliogabalus-ship, Bibber-ship, Do-as-you-would-be-done-by-ship*, and many more *ships*, as if you intended to set out a fourth Squadron against the *Dutch*. This is also new to me, and if it please any, it must be those that understand the *Covent Language* better than I do. I remember *Lucian* brings *Lexiphanes* (one troubl'd with the same distemper) to the Physician; who, when he had given him a strong Vomit, and made him throw up a pail full of Bombast-exotick words, the man recover'd presently, and spoke like other men: but you may do as you please, Sir. Onely this you must take from me, that new words are to be minted without Necessity; and many of yours are as much

arriving

gainst all Rules of Art, as Sir *Thomas Moore's Utopia*, though some of the Criticks are fallen quite out with Him for that single attempt.

By this time I know you are got to your *Logick*, and making *Consequences* like mad; That I am one of those that admire the very dust of Antiquity, and do Reverence even to mouldy Bread, or a rotten *Post*; and am such a profess'd Enemy to Novelty, that I have forsworn wearing new *Shoes, Hats, or Cloaths*; that I believe Antiquity doth privilege any *Error*, and Novelty prejudice *Truth*. Alas! Sir, I can laugh as heartily as any man at those *Arcadians*, who boasted they had Monuments and Histories to show of *seven and forty thousand years*, because they knew none could disprove them. I am not quite so Superstitious as *Vibius Rufus* in the Story, who having named *Tully's Widow*, and purchas'd *Cæsar's Chair* conceiv'd himself in a fair way to gain the Eloquence of the one, and the Power of the other. Thus *Neanthus* (in *Lucian*) brib'd *Apollo's Priest* to sell him *Orpheus's Harp*, but instead of making Stones, Trees, and Beasts dance

after him, he, (by his uncouth scraping
onely invited all the Dogs in Town to fall
a barking at him. And another (he tells
us) bought *Epictetus* his *Lamp* for three
hundred pence, supposing if he studied
the night by that, he should presently be
like that admirable Old Man. I have

*Plaut. in Am-
phit.*

very good respect for *Plautus*, but yet I don't ap-
prove of his bringing in oaths
swearing by *Hercules* before *Hercules*
was born. I like *St. Austine* well e-
nough, but have not such a Reverence for

*Maldor. in
Jo. an. c. 6.*

his Person as that flatter-
ing *Jesuit*, who will take
his private Opinion for in-
fallibly true, though he bring neither
Scripture, *reason*, nor any other *Authori-
ty* to confirm and warrant it. I love *Demosthenes*, but not meerly because he had
stammering in his Speech. I approve of ma-
ny things in the *Talmud* Doctors, but don't
believe (as they would have me) that the
onely reason why the *Elephant* was not
placed in the Sea, was this, because
it would not hold him and the *Whale* both
else belike, we must have gone a Fishing
for *Elephants* too. I can freely leave

Plaut

Plato and *Aristotle*, and the best of them all in their Follies and Dotages. I honour the Memory of the *Ancients* for the great discoveries they have made in Arts and Sciences indeed, but yet you must give me leave to smile with you when I find some of their Notions, Principles and Deductions as cold as *Plato's Laws*, or *Chrysippus* his *Sylogismes*, as *Lucian* merrily phraseth it. Again Sir, to prevent you on the other side, I am not utterly against all *News*, but for it against the World, provided it be good and true. I believe there are such people as the *Antipodes*, though I had been counted a *Heretick* for it not many Centuries since. Posterity hath as much right to truth as their Predecessours, and none but a man that is craz'd will deny *Philosophy* to be capable of daily improvements, partly by removing *Old* mistakes, and partly by advancing *later* Observations unknown to former Ages. I think it not generous to cry up the Old, or the New, or enslave my self to any person or party for their own sake, but let Academick or Peripatetick, Stoick or Epicurean, or the latest Author you have

(though smelling still of the *Press*) discover some *useful* truth, and I shall not boggle to believe and make it my own. I profess, Sir, I am not against the *Circulation* of the *Blood*, nor the Inventions of

*Quod verum
est meum est,
sive Epicuri,
sive alio-
rum. Sen.*

Printing and *Gunpowder*, no nor *Tarts* made of *Harveys*; nor against any of those mechanical *Experiments* made by our own ingenious Country-men or Foreigners in this and the last Age for the benefit of the publick; I could heartily write a *Panegyrick* in their Commendation, were I worthy of that honour. No, Sir; my *Blood ferments* and *Stomach* rises onely at a parcel of *Apish Politico-Philosophists*, who are ever Disputing whether *Cambridge* or *Oxford* be the Elder Sister, and vying *Pantaloon Pates* against *Spade-Beards*; who cry up *Notions* for new and their own, that are not such, but *old* enough, though furbish'd up and put into another *Dress*; or if they be, they never can be useful further then to light *Tobacco*; who put off their *Hats* when ever they hear the Admirable *Des Cartes* his Name mention'd, and choose to go *bare-foot* (as King *James* told Dr. *Reynolds*)
be-

because they wore *Hose* and *Shoes* in time of Popery ; who trouble all Companies with their *Principles*, *Ends*, *Atoms*, *Vacuum*s, *Matter*, *Particles*, *Globuli*, &c. though all this while they scarce know what those Terms mean ; and think themselves more *Demonstrative* then other men , because they can in a clear day, by the help of a *Quadrant*, wire-draw the *Sun* through a little hole, and make him tell what's a *Clock* ; and if the Night be not cloudy , discover *spots* in the Moon ; because they can at any time, be it day or night , evidence to sense that two and three make five, and *only* with *Rule* and *Compasses* shew us some little difference between a *Circle* and a *Quadrangle*. These are the *New-nothings* that admire one another, and write themselves the very *Miracles* of the Age, because they have Courage enough to trample upon & insult over a dead Lion, to rail at all *old Wis*, *old Learning*, *old Religion*, and make *new Experiments* in *Divinity* too ; as if no man spoke a word of sense , that could not talk *Deformities* and *Incubations*, *Sensations* and *Superfetations*, *Caresses* of Heaven, *treats* of the Spirit, and the *Opacous apartments* of Satan. I shall not trouble
the

the *World* with the numerous instances of this nature now, but onely gratifie you with a certain *English* definition of *Ink*, because it suits so exactly with your *Zacutus* his *Latine* one of a *Spoon*, and to show that men may be ridiculous and affected in any Language as well as *Latine*.
 ' *Ink* (says my Author) is a Solution of
 ' Vitriol precipitated, or made Opacous
 ' by the addition of Gauls, whose stipticity makes the Diaphaneous Texture of
 ' the Particles in the Vitrioline Solution desert their former posture, and muster in
 ' a confused opacous manner, filling those
 ' interstices with solid Particles, which before were kept transparent by the fluid
 ' parts of the water equally contempered.
 Ha, Ha, He! Now Sir let us take the common Notion of *Ink* that every Shop-keeper hath, (*viz.* an Infusion of so much Vitriol and Gauls in so much water) out of his formidable Definition, and then tell me what remains but a heap of elaborate and cross-grain'd Words enough to choak a Horse, and affright an ordinary man out of his Wits. No way to the Old way, I say still, and when I have reform'd your Intellect of one thing more,
 you

you may possibly be of the same mind, and that is this; that you are very much out, if you think your *New Modes of Wit, Learning, and Language*, are of your own Devising and Inventing: They are all Borrowed and Old, Sir, and I will prove it (*ex abundanti*) that the Family of the *Novelty-Mongers* themselves is no late, but a very ancient Family. Indeed I cannot find who was the *Head* thereof (that perhaps is as obscure as the *Head of the Nile*) or say positively whether it began before or since the *Flood*; but I can assure you it flourish'd long before *your* time, and that's enough for my purpose. If you please to turn to *Lucian's Icaro-Menippus*, you will there meet with the very Men I am describing, or their undoubted Ancesters at least: For *they* are raising a Dust about *Atoms* too, fighting with *Ideas*, scrambling for *Globuli*, and mawling each other with *Matter* and *Motion* and such like Notions, as now (forsooth) would fain go for *New* again. And the old *Fox* stands by and jeers them, for such as knew not how many Miles from *Megara* to *Athens*, and yet would tell you the space between *Sun* and *Moon*

Moon to an Inch, the height of the *Air*,
 depth of the *Sea*, and circumference of
 the *Earth*: That the *Sun* was a candent
 Mass or Stone, the *Moon* inhabited, and
 the thirsty *Stars* drink water, which the
Sun (that old Tankard-Bearer) fetcheth
 up daily from the *Sea*. And in another
 place (his *Rhet. Prac.*) he seems a little
 inclinable to my opinion: 'For he points
 'at two ways of *Wit* and *Eloquence* there,
 'the one Craggy, Steep, and Tedious;
 'requiring a great deal of Sweat and Oyl,
 'many Examples, much Exercise (mean-
 'ing the *Old way* of *Demosthenes*, and o-
 'ther famous *Greeks*) but tells his Scholar
 'this is now quite out of *Date*, & therefore
 '(in a pleasant *Ironie*) he recommends the
 'other *New* compendious way to him, that
 'will make him a great Orator before
 'Sun-set. He bids him get into the Mo-
 'distr habit, learn to be Confident and Cla-
 'morous, and call things by affected
 'Names, as a Poet, a *Verseificator*, a Shise,
 'an *Agonism*, &c. and furnish himself with
 'a stock of fine Words, and canting
 'Phrases, to give a *haut goût* to his Dis-
 'course, and then he may set up for him-
 'self, and be soon esteemed not the Ex-
 'cellent

'cellent and *Incomparable* only, but the
 'very Son of *Jupiter* and *Leda*, and mount
 'presently into *Plato's* winged Chariot,
 'not to discourse of the Father of all *Be-*
 'ings, as he did, but to Admire and Mag-
 'nifie his own *Great Self*. Oh *Lucian*,
Lucian! wert thou now alive, thou
 wouldst find nothing but the *Old Plays*
 Acted o're again, and (because the *Scenes*
 are a little alter'd) cry'd up for as *New*
 as a *Gazette* at *Athens*. Thus I hope, Sir,
 I have made my word good, and that
 you will pretend no more to *Novelties*;
 for you see there is no *New thing under the*
Sun (as we speak here below;) what there
 may be in the World in the Moon I can-
 not tell, nor am I at leisure to go to
 see.

But, dear Sir, Why so angry at my
 Story of the *Covent*, for that is *New* (now
 I think on't) if any thing be? I'm sorry
 'twas *uneasie* to some mens *Humour*, but
 (as you say) I meant *very innocently*, and
 did not intend to render any man ridiculous.
 I thought it might have deserv'd your par-
 don at least, because the Scene was laid in
Greece, far enough from your Quarters,
 and besides I had compounded with my
 Readers

Readers beforehand not to believe it, a Complement you should have made too in your *Church-Romance*. You see how apt men are to credit Forgeries, how they love to be Cheated whether you and I will or no; and therefore if we have got that fatal *Itch* of Scribling, we must learn to deal altogether in *Truth*, else we shall but expose our selves to the cruel Mercy of envious Con-temporaries, and Self-conceited Posterity. I have always lov'd to live *Privately*, and you may do so too (*you say you would*) where you please, and how you can; but if you appear upon the *Publick Stage* as a *Satyrist* in *Prose*, or have a mind to Ride like the old Comedians and Rail in *Meeter* out of a Waine, you must expect to be found out, unless you can agree with your *Goldsmith* and purchase *Gyges* his *Ring*, whereby to walk *Incognito*.

But pray, Sir, What did you mean to fall a Commenting and Projecting upon a *Fiction* (*you say*) of my own *Inventing*? Was it to make it better or worse? Had it not been more prudent in you to have let it pass, and said nothing, than to lay about you with so much *Pains* and *Passion*,
only

only to tell the World you keep a *Cat*? The Creature is indeed somewhat more *Rational* than ordinary, and not much better *Fed* then *Taught*; for she argues *lustily* for her self, and holds to the fundamental principle of *Self preservation* tooth and nail; but she is civil and meddles not with me, so that I can freely grant all she saith. But let me tell the *Cats* Master, that a very good Carter with six able Horses would be hard set to *draw* one pardonable Phancy out of all his *Catter-wawling* Dialogue, and unadvised *Comment* upon my *Text*. One thing indeed you demur upon as somewhat more material, which I shall vouchsafe to answer. You observe well that I did not say peremptorily what *sort* of *Cubit* I meant, when I was upon the Business of the Beards: For there are (say you) Five several received *sorts* of *Cubits*, some longer, some shorter, as you very occurrately reckon them upon your *fingers* now to put you out of all doubt, and clear your Head from such kind of scruples for ever, you must understand me, Sir, of none of all those *Five*, but of a *Sixth* sort, which I call the *Covent Cubit*; and what that is any man may guess, that considers how much

I make them differ in their *Measures* as well as *Notions* from all other Men.

But Oh! the wonderful efficacy of a smart Repartee! They may talk of *Quibbles* that have couched *Wrens*, & *Hailstones* sixteen Inches about, and twenty strange things, but they are all nothing in comparison to the Necking blow of an Argument well Retorted: I mean, Sir, your *People in the South*, those Goblins and *Milhapen Demons* you describe. In the name of *Holcot* and *Bricot*, what have we here? What? Turn'd *Conjuror* honest *Tim*? I profess such a *Story* thirty years ago would have made my *Hair* stand on end, though it does not altogether so much affect me now. And I wish you had done it into quaint *Latine* (as you did *N. N's*, Speech) for fear of affrighting the Children, and making pregnant Women miscarry. Here's as ample a Specimen of your New way of Drollery, as I could have given my self, and as full of *Wis* (to Imitate your own Dialect) as an *Egg* is full of Millstones: 'Tis only for *Dull Barn-doors* and *narrow* Souls to confine and tie themselves up to sneaking *Pedantick* Rules of Rhetorick, to compare things that

that were somewhat *alike* before, and make their Relations *probable*; give me a nimble *Eleutherian*, who scorns to be Shackled With a common heavy Vehicle, who can Leap over *Grantham Steeple* upon occasion, and will not Boggle at an easie *Impossibility*; who can devise such a *Prodigious Story*, as never a man in *England* besides hath Brains enough even to understand. Now, Sir, whether you lay your Scene in the *World isb Moon*, or the Isle of *Pines*, or in another place call'd *Terra Australis Incognita*, I neither know nor care: I shall not attempt to make any Discovery, but let your *People* alone; not doubting but you will carry on your Revenge so charitably, as to *provide* for them as well and plentifully as I did for my *Greek Colony*.

The old *Polyanthean* Story indeed of (*Lyosthenes*, I should say) *Callisthenes* King of *Sicion*, which brings up the Rear, and follows as naturally as one Link follows another in a *Rope of Sand* might have been tolerable; but that you gravely left out the very life of the *jest*, without which I never saw it quoted before; and had you consulted the *Original* Text here

E

again

again, and added in the close *or told us in English* that *Hippoolides* cares neither for you nor your *Author*, but slights you *both* as much as if he were to Charm a *Scold*, or Laugh a *Horse* out of Countenance, (as my *Friend* truly call'd my present Task of Rejoyning to you) you might have gone not only for the *Boccaline*, but the very *Quixot* of the Age.

And now, Sir, before you and I part, please you to go along with me to the *Whispering* Place at *Glocester*; I'll tell you something in your Ear that may do you good another day; if the Spirit of *Will. Pryn* hath not possess'd you, if you have one good Ear left for sober Advice, let me beg of you to do your own *Business*; and let me alone with mine; for you are like to get nothing of me that I know of, but what you have already, a little more *Civility* perhaps than you have yet deserv'd from the most *Contemptible* pretender to the *Clergy*. And since your Style is so Exasperating, you must not blame me if I have endeavour'd to turn the Point thereof sometimes: the Patient ought to accuse his own *Intemperance*, when his Physician

fician seems *Cruel*. But if you are resolv'd
 (fall *Back*, fall *Edge*) to run the other
 Risque, and follow the unhappy Trade of
Sawing Still; you must know, that I am
 in no haste to Run away; or if I be, I
 can procure a *Friend* to Rhime you and
 your Junto to Dead in *Doggrel*, or Write
 a compleat History of the Covent *for me*,
 as I did (*you know*) for my last Preface.
 And if your Muse be such a *Light-skirts*,
 that she will not be kept in, I make it my
 request to you, that she may appear in *La-*
tine, out oth' common Dress, to let us
 see that all your Money spent on her Edu-
 cation is not thrown away and lost. I
 have gratified you now the second time in
 your own Language, though against my
 Humour, and out of my Road (for I'll
 assure you I converse more with those
 Old ones in Forein Character, then any
 that pretend to the best *English*) and if
 you will be Ingenuous, you must Write
 to me next in *Latine, Greek, Hebrew,*
Ethiopick, Spanish, French, High Ger-
man, or any other Tongue I understand
 not, or else you lose a Play-Fellow of me.
 My meaning is, Sir, that 'tis below Men of
 your Worth and Parts, to Talk Home-

spun *Ruffoonry*. and make Sport for the most *Mechanical* Rabble; keep but out of *their* Reach, and let us be Laught at only *Nos inter nos*, and I shall rejoyce in your Company, but otherwise I shall leave it: And when you write to me in *Latine*, I hope you will not trouble and charge me with a Packet of other Lumber again; for your last Letter (on that account) cost me as much as would have furnish'd me with Intelligence for one quarter of the year.

In the next place, Sir, let me prevail with you not to think so briskly of your self and your own way, as to despise all others that are either gone before, or live with you. You have written a Book of five *pence* price, saith *Arrian* upon *Epi-ctetus*; (though Learning is grown dearer since the *Dutch* war, & you have raised it to no less then five *shillings*) at that you may value your self. But yet you must not hence Collect that you are the *onely man* who have the World like a *Ball* at your foot, and can send it which way you please. 'Tis possible some men may write (as *Bellerophon* carried) Letters to

* *utrosque*.

Luc.

to their own disadvantage, and themselves may not be thought so wise and wonderful *abroad*, as they are at *home*. I read of a certain Chymist that wrote a *Book too*, wherein he profess'd to extract *Gold* (as you do *Wit*) out of almost every thing, and then presented it to *Leo the Tenth*, not doubting but he should be gratified in most ample manner; but his *Wise Holiness* defeated all his hopes presently, and onely commanded he should be furnish'd with a very large capacious *Bag* to put the *Gold* he made into, for that he seem'd to want nothing else. And therefore I would not have you part with your *Boccaline's* place I gave you so freely (no not for *two hundred Guineas*), till you are sure of a better; for *Preferments* are grown scarce and dear, and for ought you know the best of your *Lay* and *Clergy* Friends may give you the *Bag*, especially since you have added a fresh affront to the *Sacred Function*, and of a higher nature than those in the former *Catalogue*, in *Dedicating* a parcel of *Trumpery, Levies* and *Falsities*, to the most Reverend *Metropolitan* of all *England*, as if he must be thought (at least)

to pardon your temerity and extravagance, (a thing you see I have not confidence to offer to the meanest *Vicar* in our whole *Tribe*.) Indeed you write not your Name in words at length, for fear of the worst, which I can attribute to nothing but your affection to new and singular things; for I remember, the old approved way of Addressing to Superiours, and Persons so infinitely above, distant from, and withall so little related to Us, was (not to take the freedom *Jack* and *Tom*, and all Familiars give each other, but) to Complement their Grandeur, and bespeak their pardon in most humble wise, with all the poor Names they had.

One thing more, Sir, and then I give my self and you no further trouble. I must desire you in all love, to wean your self from that calumniating and deriding Humour you are so fond of: other men know as well as you, that the Vulgar are mostly of that Nature, that they are hugely pleas'd and tickled, when the business is carried on with *Scoffing* and *Cavils*; chiefly, when the most *August*, *Venerable*, and *Sacred* Persons or Things, are prostituted and made cheap; as *Aristophanes* brought

Aristoph.
in *Nub.*

brought the grave *Socrates* into a *Play*, and told a number of forged Tales of Him, as that he walked in the *Clouds*, and gave the same reason of *Thunder* (when he came down) as of the Peasants *Pease-pottage* grumbling in his belly, and such like. But I would not have you (Knowing the Mischievous Consequences) follow such a leud Precedent, nor imitate that invidious *Theopompus*, who is said to write rather like an *Accuser*, than *Historian*. That Advice he gives his Son, was intended for you also; *make your wit rather a Buckler to defend your self, then a Sword to wound others: For a word cuts deeper then a sharp weapon, and is longer in Curing.* And the Proverb founded upon great Experience, bids every man take heed of a *Tongue* that will cut his own *Throat*. A little modesty blended together with as much Prudence never did any man hurt.

Now if you will take these Advisoes you may; nay, if not, you may take your own course. And so, with my due respects to the whole *Club*, wishing you all more *Wit* and my self more *Money*, I bid you heartily Farewel.

Post-

POST-SCRIPT.

I Had almost forgot to tell you that
I have made bold with you to
Write the Preface for me now,
(the other Gentleman being not at
Home) to shew how great an Admirer
I am of your Lofty and Swaggering
Style.

FINIS

ERRATA.

IN the latter Preface, *Line 10.* Read till the long
Vacation. p. 2. l. 3. r. Longissimum. p. 3. l.
13. dele [nor] p. 5. l. 1. r. Comparisons. p. 6. l. 6.
r. for sureness. p. 7. l. 17. r. *arayya*. p. 9. l. 4.
r. intimate. *ibid.* l. 7. r. Curterius. *ibid.* l. 10. dele
[it] p. 10. l. 24. r. or Stephens. *ibid.* 26. r. is
there and shall be there. p. 13. l. 18. r. risible. p. 14.
l. 2. r. and so full. p. 17. l. ult. r. but throw down.
p. 21. l. 8. r. invention. *ibid.* l. 26. r. Latium. p. 23.
l. 14. r. to vend an ancient Authours sense for
their own. *ibid.* l. 20. r. affectations. p. 24. l. 1.
r. sometimes. p. 44. l. 27. r. not to be. p. 45. l. 22.
r. married Tully's.

